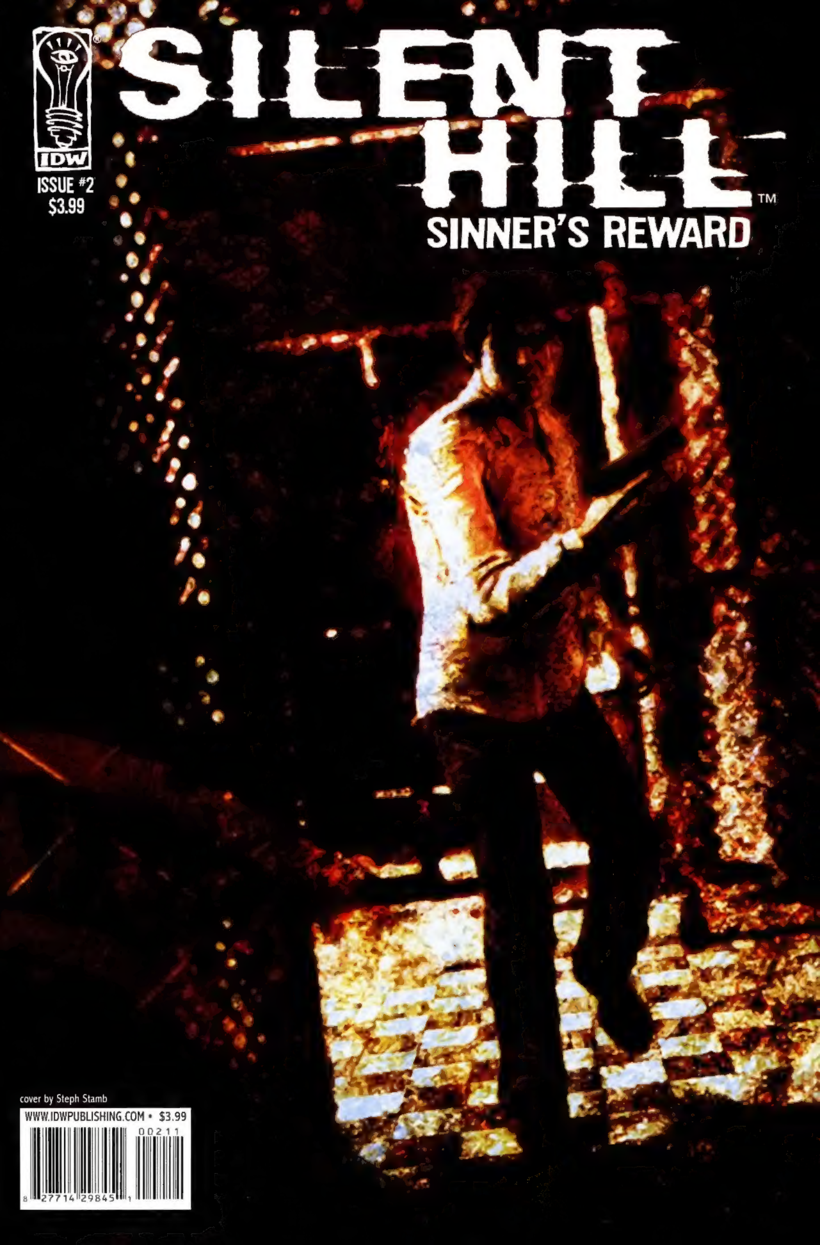
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SINNER'S REWARD
cover by Steph Stamb
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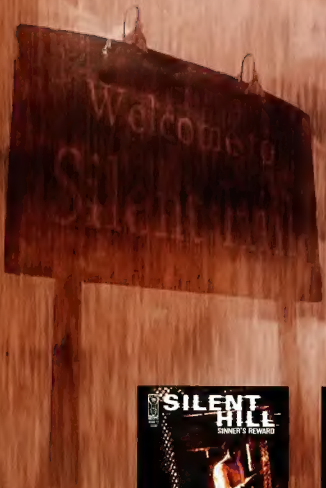
SILENT HILL TWO
SINNER'S REWARD

story by Tom Waltz
art by Steph Stamb
letters by Chris Mowry
edits by Chris Ryall

Hitman Jack "The Pup" Stanton and his lover, Jill Conway, are on the run from Jill's husband, Finn Conway, a dangerous mob boss. Finn sends his goons after the fugitive couple, and after a bloody gun battle, Jill is kidnapped and taken to Silent Hill, with Jack in hot pursuit, ready to take on any horrors the mysterious town can dish out in order to save his only love... or so he thinks.



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BEFORE.
EMPTY.
MADE ONE STOP TO GET GAS AND ENDED UP FINDING GODDAMN BULLETS, BLOOD, AND DEATH INSTEAD. TO TOP IT OFF, I LOSE MY GIRL.
STORY OF MY LIFE.
AND, FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, ME AND MY CAR AND THIS TOWN GOT THAT IN COMMON...

...ALL FRIGGIN' *EMPTY*.

NO, THAT'S NOT COMPLETELY TRUE.
JILL'S SOMEWHERE IN THAT TOWN. A DEAD MAN TOLD ME SO, ALONG WITH A LOT OF OTHER CRAZY SHIT THAT MADE NO GODDAMN SENSE AT ALL.
HELL, NOTHIN'S MADE MUCH SENSE SINCE ME AND JILL DECIDED TO RUN OFF TOGETHER FROM HER HUSBAND, FINN CONWAY, AND AWAY FROM THE PAST.
IT WAS ABOUT AS RISKY A MOVE AS WE COULD'VE MADE, AND WE WERE CRAZY TO THINK IT WOULD GO OFF WITHOUT A HITCH.
WE'RE NOT GONE MUCH MORE THAN A DAY, AND ALREADY FINN'S GOONS TRY TO WASTE ME AND STEAL JILL BACK.
DIDN'T WORK OUT THE WAY THEY WANTED, OBVIOUSLY... NOT FOR LACK OF TRYIN'.
COME TO THINK OF IT, THAT PART—THE DOIN' WHATEVER IT TAKES, EVEN KILLIN', TO GET YOUR LADY BACK—
—YEAH, THAT PART MAKES TOTAL SENSE TO ME...

...THAT PART IS SOMETHIN' ME AND OLD MAN CONWAY DEFINITELY GOT IN COMMON.
BOSTON.
NO WORD FROM THE O'CONNER BOYS, EH, TOMMY?
Finn's
NOTHIN' FROM DEWEY OR LIAM YET, MR. CONWAY. JIMMY SHEA, NEITHER, THOUGH I DON'T EXPECT TO HEAR FROM THE LIKES O' HIM. QUIET LAD, THAT ONE.
TRUE ENOUGH. STILL, YOU'D THINK THEY'D BE CHECKIN' IN BY NOW.
IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKIN', HAVE YA TRIED CALLIN' THEM YERSELF?
AYE, COUPLE O' TIMES, BUT I'M ONLY GETTIN' VOICEMAIL.
THING IS, LAST TIME THEY CALLED, THEY WERE HEADIN' INTO THE MOUNTAINS, AND WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND O' SIGNAL THEY'D HAVE THERE?
SURE, THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT IT IS, MR. CONWAY.
I WOULDN'T WORRY NONE. THE O'CONNER BOYS AREN'T SCHOLARS, BY ANY MEANS, BUT THEY'RE ROUGH AND RELIABLE. I'VE NO DOUBTS THEY'LL TAKE CARE O' THINGS THE RIGHT WAY 'FORE LONG.
Finn's

NORMALLY, I'D AGREE, BUT THIS TIME SOMETHIN' FEELS WRONG. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SENT THOSE LADS TO DO MY DIRTY WORK. MY WIFE, MY MESS...
...'TAIN'T RIGHT TO IGNORE THAT DIRTY NUGGET OF TRUTH ANY LONGER.
MY DA HAD A FAVORITE SAYIN' I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN.
HE'D SAY, "FINN, LAD, THERE'S SOMETHIN' IMPORTANT YA NEED TO KNOW. IF YA EVER FIND TWO ROOSTERS IN YOUR HENHOUSE, THEN THAT'S JUST ONE TOO MANY COCKS UNDER THE SAME ROOF, BOYO."
KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS FOR A BIT, WILLYA, TOMMY?
I'M GONNA GO CLEAN MY HOUSE.

NOW.
I SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER—SLOWLY PULLING WITH MY FINGER WHILE MY HEART BEATS FASTER AND FASTER.
CLOSER... CLOSER... ALMOST...
I...
I FEEL WEAKER THAN EVER BEFORE. LOST. BEATEN. A FAILURE.
...I CAN'T.
HER COLD EYES WATCH ME FROM ABOVE AND I KNOW SHE SEES THE COWARD I TRULY AM.
I... I KNOW I SHOULD. I KNOW THIS IS RIGHT. IT'S JUST...
...IT'S JUST, I'VE ALREADY LOST EVERYTHING HERE. I DON'T THINK I CAN GIVE ANYMORE.
ISN'T IT FUNNY HOW IT'S SO EASY TO THINK ABOUT ALL WE LOSE IN THIS LIFE, BUT SO HARD TO REMEMBER ALL THOSE THINGS WE TAKE?
I'M SORRY, JACK, BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU THINK YOU'VE GIVEN, ONE SAD TRUTH REMAINS...

"...YOU'VE TAKEN SO MUCH MORE."
BEFORE.
I WISH I COULD TAKE MORE.
BUT CARRYING THREE WEAPONS'LL BE HARD ENOUGH, LET ALONE EVERYTHING I HAVE STASHED IN THE TRUNK.
STILL, THREE GUNS BEATS THE HELL OUTTA NONE, AND I SURE AS SHIT KNOW HOW TO USE THESE BABIES.
TOOLS OF THE TRADE, YOU COULD SAY. NEVER LEAVE HOME WITHOUT 'EM.
HEH.
I FIGURED ME AND JILL'D ONLY BE ABLE TO RUN SO LONG 'FORE I'D HAVE TO FACE OFF WITH HER OLD MAN'S LACKEYS. I WAS HOPIN' IT WAS GONNA BE ON MY TERMS, THOUGH—
—I DEFINITELY DIDN'T THINK IT'D BE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS.
BEIN' A HITMAN, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO PICK MY KILLIN' FIELDS.
NOT TODAY.
THAT'S OKAY, 'CAUSE I KNOW WHAT I GOTTA DO.
I JUST HOPE THIS FRIGGIN' TOWN UNDERSTANDS THE SAME THING I PRAY JILL KNOWS—

—I'M COMIN', AND NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP ME.

TWO WEEKS EARLIER.
HOW CAN YOU BE SO *SURE*, JACK? THE WHOLE THING IS *CRAZY*.
I'M SURE BECAUSE I *WANT* TO BE SURE, JILL.
I MEAN IT... *NOTHIN'S* GONNA STOP US BEIN' TOGETHER.
HON, YOU KNOW FINN WILL *NEVER* LET THAT HAPPEN.
YES, HE'S A BASTARD, BUT HE'S THE BASTARD I'M *MARRIED* TO, AND HE'D HAVE YOU KILLED FOR EVEN *THINKING* SOMETHING LIKE THAT
"THINKING?" SEEMS TO ME WE'VE BEEN DOIN' *A LOT MORE* THAN THINKING ALREADY.
TRUE. BUT SNEAKING AROUND LIKE THIS IS *WAY* DIFFERENT THAN PACKING UP AND RUNNING AWAY FOR GOOD. *SOON* AS FINN KNOWS WE'RE GONE, HE'LL HAVE US HUNTED DOWN.
GIVE ME SOME CREDIT, JILL. I KNOW HOW FINN OPERATES BETTER'N *ANYONE* ELSE, AND I KNOW WHO HE'LL SEND AFTER US.
TRUST ME, *NONE* OF THEM GUYS'LL STAND A CHANCE AGAINST *ME*.

I DO TRUST YOU, BABY... I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF I DIDN'T
BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO LIVE IF WE TAKE OFF, HUH? I WAS BARELY GETTING BY BEFORE I MET FINN. I'M NOT GOING TO DO THAT AGAIN, JACK.
BELIEVE ME, IT'S EASY GETTING USED TO BEING RICH, BUT YOU NEVER GET USED TO BEING POOR.
DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT THAT, BABE.
WE WON'T BE HURTIN' FOR CASH.
I'VE BEEN DOIN' DIRTY WORK FOR YOUR OLD MAN FOR LONG ENOUGH NOW THAT I'VE GOT A LOT OF DOUGH SQUIRRELED AWAY.
ONLY THE BEST FOR YOU, I PROMISE.
'SIDES, I GOT ONE MORE JOB TO DO THIS WEEK. FINN'S BEEN CATCHIN' HEAT FROM THAT DUMBASS COUNCILMAN LINWOOD...
...FINN WANTS THE HEAT TURNED OFF AND HE'S GONNA PAY ME PLENTY TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.
JUST ONE MORE HIT AND THEN I'M DONE AND WE'RE OUTTA HERE. I LOVE YOU, BABE...
...YOU JUST GOTTA TRUST ME.
JACK, HONEY, I ALREADY TOLD YOU..

..I TRUST YOU
BEFORE
TWO WEEKS AGO, THIS PLAN SEEMED *SO* EASY...
...JUST PACK UP THE CAR AND GET THE *HELL* OUTTA DODGE TO A HAPPY ENDIN'.
Bowl-O-Ra
WELCO
FOOD & DR
WELL, THIS IS AS *FAR AWAY* FROM A HAPPY ENDIN' AS YOU CAN GET. MORE LIKE A FUCKIN' *NIGHTMARE.*
JILL WAS RIGHT—THIS WHOLE THING WAS CRAZY
WHAT THE...?
OH... NO.
JILL'S DRESS
SO MUCH *BLOOD*... SO MUCH...
...GOD, *PLEASE,* NO.

THAT BLOOD TRAIL... IT LEADS...
...INSIDE!
JILL, I'M COM—
KE-RASH!
GAH!

FUCK!
NO!
CRACK
FWAK
RAAAGH!
FWAK
STOP!
PLEASE. .

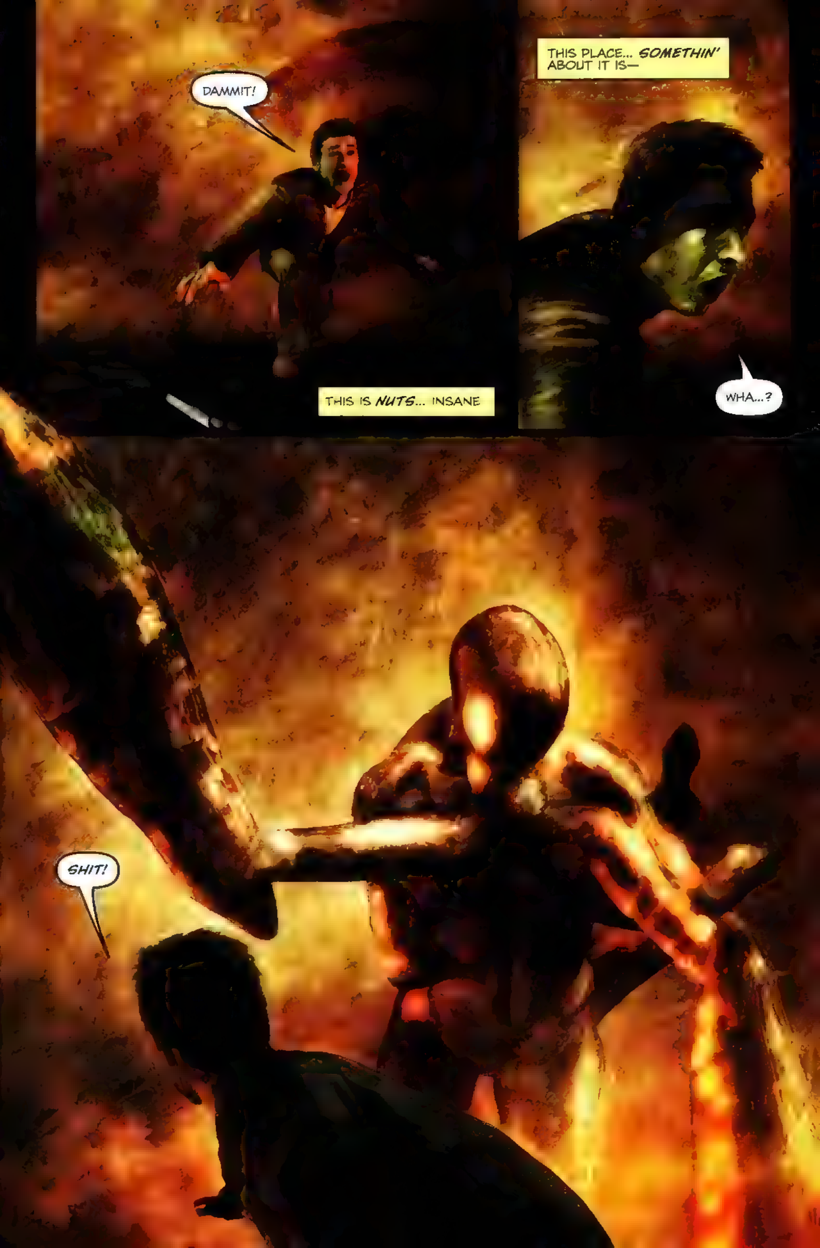
...DON'T *HURT* HIM!
JILL?

LEAVE HIM ALONE!
JILL, I'M OKAY IT'S—
=UFF=
JILL, HONEY, WHAT... WHAT'S WRONG? THOSE CLOTHES—
JUST GET AWAY! CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'VE KILLED HIM? ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?!
C'MON, GET UP, BABY. WE GOTTA GET YOU AWAY FROM HERE... AWAY FROM THAT... THAT MONSTER.
MONSTER?
MONSTER?!

YOU'RE RIGHT, JACK, THERE ARE MONSTERS HERE...
...UGLY, HORRIFYING MONSTERS.
BUT THAT'S NOT ONE OF THEM... NOT EVEN CLOSE!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYIN', JILL? WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU?
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO ME? TO ME?!
YOU KILL AND KILL AND KILL... MURDER EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING AND NEVER EVEN BLINK.
NO, JACK.... WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU?
YOU... YOU'RE TALKIN' CRAZY. YOU NEED TO SNAP OUT OF IT

THERE'S NOTHING TO SNAP OUT OF. THIS IS REAL... ALL OF IT—THE REALITY WE'VE CREATED FOR OURSELVES.
AND THEY'RE ALL HERE, WAITING FOR US... ALL OF THEM... WANTING.
WHO'S HERE? WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU SAYIN'?
WHO?
OUR VICTIMS, JACK, THAT'S WHO...
...ALL OUR VICTIMS.

VICTIMS? I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* THE HELL YOU MEAN.
C'MON, JILL, LET'S GET *OUTTA* HERE. THIS PLACE... IT'S *DOIN' SOMETHIN'* TO YOU. TO US.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THEY REMEMBER *EVERYTHING*... EVERYTHING WE FORGOT OR IGNORED...
...EVERYTHING WE *DID.*
THE ONLY REALITY IS SOMETHIN'S NOT *RIGHT* HERE AND IT'S GOT TO YOU SOMEHOW.
THINK ABOUT IT—HOW CAN ANYONE REMEMBER SOMETHIN' THAT *DIDN'T* HAPPEN?
YOU NEVER DID *ANYTHING*, JILL. YOU *CAN'T* HAVE VICTIMS 'CAUSE YOU NEVER DID ANYTHING.
YOU'RE RIGHT—THAT'S IT...
...I NEVER DID ANYTHING.
AND NOW I *HAVE* TO, JACK.
OH, GOD...
...NOW I HAVE TO!
JILL! WAIT!


DAMMIT!
THIS IS NUTS... INSANE
THIS PLACE... SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT IS—
WHA...?
SHIT!

WHATEVER JILL THINKS, THAT'S WHAT IT *REALLY* IS...
FWAP
UFF
ANOTHER MONSTER
...A *MONSTER.*
AND I WON'T LET *IT,* OR ANYTHING ELSE, STAND IN THE WAY OF GETTIN' JILL *BACK* AND *AWAY* FROM THIS HELL.
RAAARGGH!
WAIT... NO...
THAT FACE... *TIM DELANEY*... TEN YEARS AGO...
...THE *FIRST HIT* I DID FOR OLD MAN CONWAY.
BUT... HOW?

DOESN'T MATTER.
NO!
BWOOM
NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP ME.
NOTHIN'.
HELP! PLEASE!
JILL?!
PLEASE, SOMEBODY!
NO, NOT JILL.
WHO...?
OH...

...CHRIST.
MISTER, PLEASE... HELP ME!
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STORY CONTINUES IN ISSUE #3 OF
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